

HOLY
HAPPY
LAUGHING

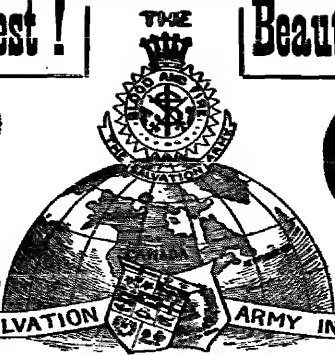
Golden Harvest!

Beautiful 16 page

SPECIAL
WAR CRY
NEXT WEEK

WAR

CRY



AND OFFICIAL
GAZETTE

OF THE
SALVATION

ARMY IN

CANADA

AND

NEWFOUNDLAND

VOL. X. NO. 47. [Special of the P. A. Forces throughout the world.]

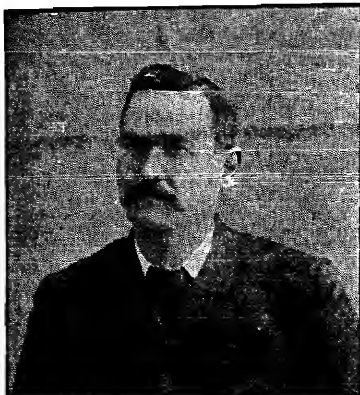
TORONTO, AUGUST 25, 1894.

[HERBERT H. BOOTH,
Commander for Canada and Newfoundland.]

PRICE 5 CENTS.

MRS. BOOTH'S CAMPAIGNING TRIUMPHS

— IN THE —
WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.



THE ACTING MAYOR OF GALT
(Who read the address of welcome to Mrs. Booth.)

It is always pleasant to chronicle victories, and truly we have so many victories that we positively have no space for mentioning defeats when they do occur, and no great army ever did advance without some losses. To revert to the victories, however, London, Galt, and Berlin, have each been the scene of highly successful campaigns; the general public, as well as our own valued rank and file have been interested and enthusiastic in each of the cities mentioned, public men have signified their approval of the Army and its leaders, and God's blessing has been manifested distinctly.

to see that for which the Army chiefly exists accomplished in it—the salvation of hundreds, nay, thousands of souls.

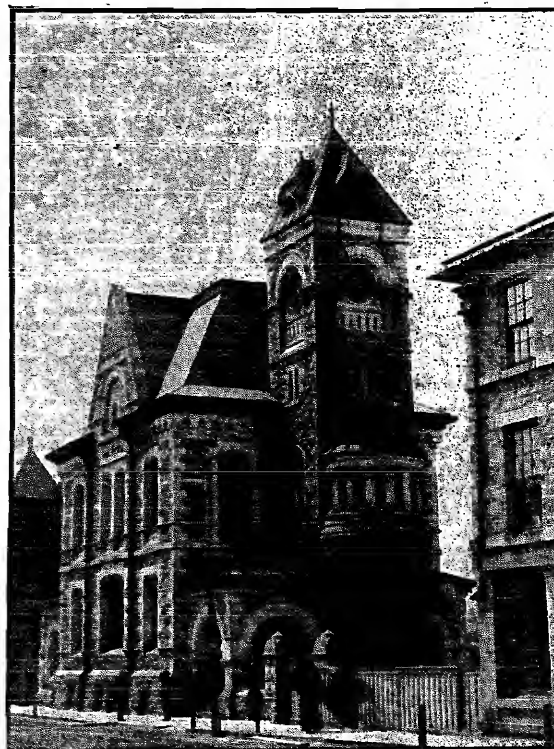
Dear Mrs. Booth has come and gone. Her visit has been like the sudden descent of some angelic being with sweet songs, cheering smiles, kind words, faithful warnings, and inspiring presence. Her words and songs are still ringing in our ears. Neither do we wish to shake them off; they are profitable for contemplation.

Who can tell the value Mrs. Booth is to the war! She is Al on the platform, as is evidenced by the universal verdict of those who listened to her in London this last week end. But it is at home where you find Mrs. Booth's true value.

At the time of writing Stratford, Strathroy, and Petrolia wait their turn for a visit from Mrs. Booth, and faith runs high for very glorious times.

Brigadier Margetts speaking on the affairs of his Province, says: "It is an accomplished fact. It has been on the boards for a long time. True," however, to the proverb, "All things come round to those who wait," the London comrades are now in possession of their own hall. 'Tis a dandy. "I like it immensely," was the expression of not a few. I am of the same sentiment, and am believing

and am believing



THE POST OFFICE, GALT.

If the friends who entertain Mrs. Booth as she rushes from corps to corps receive through her one-third of the cheer, comfort, inspiration, and blessing we did at our house they will all join as heartily as we do in praying, "God bless Mrs. Booth and the Commandant, too, for bringing her to Canada."

"Why did you come to the meetings to criticise?" asked a lady of a gentleman who attended Mrs. Booth's meetings. "Criticise, indeed," was the reply, "all the criticism I could do was with my eyes, and they were quite wet." Many others felt like this gentleman, if I am any judge. The souls rescued; the \$400 raised; the crowded and enthusiastic meetings, and the blessings given vent to in smiles and tears, are all evidences that God is with us and sealing the ministry of His handmaid in a practical form.

Now Strathroy, Stratford, and Petrolia, you know what to expect in Mrs. Booth. You won't be disappointed. Make the most of her visit, mind. God bless you.

HARVEST FESTIVAL.—The rumbling of the wheels of the great Harvest Festival chariot are beginning to loudly murmur. This Harvest Festival scheme is one of the M. D.'s of the Salvation Army, who goes round

feeling the pulses, looking at the tongues and finding out who amongst us is really in sound loyal and healthy sympathy with the dear old imperial flag of blood and fire. It is a keen discernor of the



CAPT. RUTLEDGE

(The successful organizer of the Galt Campaign.)

real amount of true interest in the concern as a whole we undoubtedly possess. How much interest have you, my comrade? Methinks your true answer will be given in the target you raise and hit. That's practical, is it not?

(Continued on page 4.)



MAIN STREET, GALT.

Corbett's Point, and a
help at that. Captain
at Bowmanville, and
every of the town may
stretch to reach the pit

and writes cheerily from
ception and two we put
and, and probably by the
comrade know as
P. and the International
equality of us. Men
of this year's Harvest
will be the position of
mor bath it that the
to look to their hands

is not very well, from
rather short of new he
storing some, and
Army." In spite of the
difficulty, St. Catharines
front.

para Falls is concerned,
is determined there shall
and.

take that Ensign Dowd
he, too, has caught his
fever. The Brantford
at I hear of it, is a splen-
did Festival offer, and
ted to hear, as we are
the Ensign is serving
and has also gone in
records. God speed you,
you succeed.

ly responsible for its
my secretary has got
morning, noon and night,
val scheme is in evidence,
ent is concerned. It will
and a strong pull to hat
of the corps had adven-
which they have not dis-
only be a real determined
able them to maintain but
however, we have a good
in the city, and if you
this hand to the plough
steady pull together, we
a about of victory. God
grades.

rejoice in a new Ensign,
that in begging to be
y of us behind. We shall
ecstasy to see what our
I accomplish. Undenied
time has not been in way
physically, but we are
ing that Ensign, also, will
every previous effort.

them all. Whatever we
Festival must be mak-
ing, and success, and we
will be, if, side by side with
the shall come the glori-
fiance, that in our de-
scent the triumphal
ounded by the drum
to have swept their way
to the front, for the victory.
A. M. BARNES.

I shall observe the
weeks of the first
heat harvest, and
f ingathering of
and."—Ex. xxix.

ENK.—Chas. Goodwin, one
M. Fullman, was sent to
wards yesterday. Another
fellow-apprentice at the
mach in New York that he
When Fullman came to
came with him and who
build his first shipyard
assistant and another dis-
ciple was the leader of
op, and many of us are
be the result of his work
an infatuated with him
as always lived and then
and made it a habit to
look at the man working
and then go to the man
ill. 31.)

e all the things in
house, and
ow, with the
if I will not open
ndows of heaven
ou out a blessing
shall not be re-
received. 1. 11.



THE HARVEST FESTIVAL LAST YEAR, WHICH SIDE WILL YOU BE ON?



The Harvest Festival Rage

WHO TOPS THE LADDER?

A Challenge from Ottawa.

A BOLD STATEMENT.

Hit the Bull's-Eye.

Harvest Festival in full swing. Who will top the ladder? Here comes a challenge from Ottawa. Who dares to take it up? Will Montreal? We shall see. What about Ensign McDonald and Dad Green at Peterboro'?

We are in full swing with the Harvest Festival. East Ontario and Quebec Provinces to the front. Targets and letters have been despatched to officers.

Ensign Coombs writes to say that he is going to have the best decorated barracks in the Dominion. Here is a challenge. Well done, Ensign!

There is no reason why every barracks should not be tastefully decorated; this will help draw the crowd. Some people think boys are too clumsy and not adapted for such work as this, but let all such, once and forever, hold their peace after the declaration from Ensign Coombs. Surely there is some lady officer who can take up the challenge? Why not?

Ensign Coombs has a janitor who will have no stone thrown to have the barracks fired up. Al. I should not be surprised if he does not run Ottawa pretty close. Then what about Montreal, with the barracks newly painted and decorated. I would not wonder but what they will take the prize. Remember, these are all large places. What about the others? I will guarantee some of these places are going to knock some big ones in the shade.

I wonder whose Adjutant General will be the Captains Winwood, Knowl-

table, and others too numerous to mention.

No one will deny that a barracks well decorated is appreciated by everybody. There is plenty of stuff in the country. If you are too proud to ask for it the chances are you will never get it. Ask and ye shall receive.

TARGETS.

Said one officer the other day: "Do not put us too high, Brigadier." I have been wondering whether I have gone high enough. If so be that I am under the calculations of any comrade, I most humbly apologize. Some corps did nobly last year, while others omitted the scheme entirely. This will not be the case in '04. The cry is "All hands to the front." Every corps can do their part.

Brigades, outposts, and every place can be worked for the success of this scheme. We take corn, wheat, potatoes, turnips, apples, dry goods, hardware, tea, groceries, and everything which can be brought into use for the glory of God and the extension of the War.

MARK YOU,

for the glory of God and His work. Who feels ashamed to try for this? Surely no one in East Ontario Province.

Thousands have benefited through the Salvation Army. Ask them for a donation.

LAST YEAR.

Here are a few figures of what was done last year and in 1892.

Peterboro' raised \$50 against \$15.75 the year previous. Well done!

Montreal I. raised \$40. It was their first attempt at Harvest Festival. We shall jump over this by a long chalk this year.

Brookville raised \$16.02, while Nepean did \$49; Campbellford going in with a grand total of \$35.

Kilmerston topped the mark by clapping \$117.09 down. Three cheers!

Ottawa hit the mark at \$71, over against \$32.47 the previous year. Excellent!

Gananoque dropped out altogether, while the year previous they raised \$15.06.

Coastbrook did \$17.71. Well done, Coastbrook!

Northwood raised \$15, while Cobourg did \$5, and their neighbor, Port Hope, \$4.15, which was nearly \$7 less than 1892.

Millbrook did \$10, while Sherbrooke hit the bull's-eye at \$18. Hurrah!

Odena cleared the decks at \$12.12, while Maxwellville did \$13.

General did \$40.75, Athens \$6.50,

Huntingdon putting down \$0.50 against \$20 the year previous.

Montreal II. turned the corner at \$8. Prescott ending in \$2.77, nearly \$13 less than '92, and so on other corps contributed, and they, with the rest, will have their chance of distinguishing themselves in '04.

THE GENERAL'S VISIT.

Now, dear comrades, we want to be in a position to present to our worthy General a creditable account. The field is before you, the work is your hands, and you can aim at this. I thoroughly believe it will be the grandest success on record.

I feel the Salvation Army can do anything they set their minds to, and as part and parcel of the whole concern, surely you will see that your corner shows up well.

TARGETS FOR '04.

Al! now, my friend, do not get excited. All things come round to him who waits. Read on, gentle comrade, and you will see your amount.

The following targets have been fixed:—Cobourg, \$25; an increase of \$20 on last year.

Port Hope, \$22; \$11 ahead of '92.

Brighton and Trenton are on a par, viz.: \$15 each.

These two corps did not contribute last year. Their neighbor, Captain Bridgley, will do his best to beat Brighton, and vice versa with Captain Tovill.

I hope no offense will be taken at the target for Port Hope, it being a little less than Cobourg. That energetic Captain Brady will make it lively for the Cobourgers. You will see.

Brookville is down for \$40; Perth, \$15; Prescott, \$16; Athens, \$10; Kempsville, \$18.

Prescott comes back to their figure for '92. Captain Stata takes up reins here: we can depend on her reaching the target. I wonder dare she challenge Kempsville.

No offense, Captain Kendall, by putting you at \$15; ditto, Athens. Captain Broadbent, at Kempsville, has been sick; she is coming round nicely. If only able to get at the Festival other corps must look out.

Cornwall is down for \$60, while Morrisburg is billed for \$25, and Oshesville \$12. The field in general have glanced at Cornwall and cheered them for their magnificent totals of Self-Denial. Adjutant Taylor, with his beloved wife, will see that Cornwall does not lose its reputation.

Then, what about Morrisburg. Captain

Odena is here. Odena and Gananoque have the same targets. Now, comrades, who is going to come out best? Yet there is another at \$25, namely, Deseronto, also Cobourg.

PERSONAL.

I wonder, dear Editor, if these comrades dare challenge each other? I was going to say I would back Captain Churchill, but then, perhaps, I had better not, or they will know my mind on the subject.

Captain Odena is an old hand at such work as this, also Captain Churchill; but, between you and me and the gatepost, they had better look out or they may be in the shade. Captain Moffatt has gone to Deseronto. Her Lieutenant is not as big as Goliath, but will fight every inch of the way for victory.

Peterboro' is down for \$100, Belleville \$75. We have in these two wise men from the East; God says so, also that noted man in the East, Brigadier Jacobs. Now, my hearties on western soil, distinguish yourselves as only men like you can do. Kingston tops the ladder with \$125. There is something for Peterboro' to aim at. Just fancy them being beaten by the Lineators City! Over against this McGillivray is collecting for his barracks, yet by hook or by crook he is determined to get there; already he has told me of a scheme which will bring him in. Dare that man in Peterboro' take up this challenge? I suppose he must "meekly wait and murmur not."

Montreal I. is on a level with Ottawa, their Harvest Festival will be postponed on account of the barracks.

Targets, \$95. Now we shall see who is going to come out best in these two places. I wonder whether Ensign Wiseman will desire to come in this ring, and put both these comrades in the shade. Now, Montreal, you have done well for the barracks, you are to have Mrs. Booth for the reopening, this will all help you for the Festival. God bless Montreal.

No. II. is down for \$40, Huntingdon, \$20; and La Chute, \$6, while the French corps has to reach \$10, and Quebec City, ditto.

Campbellford did \$35 last year, and an increase of \$10 on this will bring them up to the mark.

Note: This is \$5 more than Montreal II. What does Captain McHarg say about this? Could he beat it?

Sherbrooke and Coastbrook have targets at \$30. Ensign Patterson will give him the go-by. She distinguished herself nobly last year at Friend and Foe; look out, Patterson. Bedford, Stanstead, and Watkinson are down for \$15 each; these corps have outposts, brigades, and what grand little festivals can be held all round the shop, and this amount raised. Captain Ayling takes the lines at Stanstead, in her new capacity as Captain; what may we expect, ditto, from Captain Meisner. Captain Coombs, at Richmond, is down for \$10, only \$3 ahead of '92.

Pembroke comes in the ring with \$35, \$15 above their neighbor Kenner. My, what a race these two corps had last year over Self-Denial. Both did splendidly, and may we not expect from them this year. Nepean is \$2 above Sunbury, namely \$20. Captain Parsons takes the latter place, and with all the places she has to work, it may be possible that Nepean will be left; but then I do not know, Captain Holman is from the East, and if we cannot put her down as the wise man, we will as the wise woman. Millbrook, \$20. Bloomfield, \$18. Picton, \$50. The latter corps only did \$14 in '92. This is a splendid place for the Army, and just the place for the Festival. Captain Baird has the matter in hand, and will come to the front with flying colors. Northwood comes in \$15, this is \$3 less than Bloomfield, and Bloomfield is even lower than Millbrook, yet on a par with Sunbury. Now, my dear comrades, you have a chance to beat the record, and do one of the grandest things on record for the Harvest Festival.

Portsmouth is down for \$10, and all places near by the corps have their targets. Now, my dear comrades, you have not much time to waste, have matters well in hand when this appears in the pages of the Cry. Spare no pains, work early and late to bring your corps right up to its target. Get everybody to work, distribute the responsibilities, and that will create interest and lighten the burden, bringing in a glorious harvest.

Above all do not forget to put on extra meetings, make some big announcements, arrange special events. Bring your wits into requisition as well as work with plenty of this and faith in Almighty God, I verily believe we shall have a brilliant success in the Province, and the Commandant will not be disappointed in the desired increase on last year's amount.

God bless you, one and all.

W. T. BROWN.

What a land of milk and honey is this! Happy Canada! It is perfectly true, as a Hamilton paper remarks, that "while the people of Europe are trembling in fear of the assassin's dagger or the deadly dynamite bomb, while the ping of bullets echoed through the States, and the glare of burning cities lighted by the torch of anarchy reddened the sky, the people of Canada are taking life quietly and having fun."

"Canada is contented in periods of adversity that disturb numerically greater countries because Canadians have learned to find in life pleasures that are higher than the dollar, joys more enduring than a fortune. Owing to the scarcity of dollars, Canada had to learn that money was not everything."

What a harvest we have again this year! Beyond all question, Canada is one of the best lands to live in under God's blessed sun.

Dollars or no dollars, where could be found more happy and fewer hungry children than beneath the maple leaf?

From Canada we drifted away in fancy among gay-plumaged birds and gorged cats-bloom to the islands of the brilliant South. It may have been a certain something in the heavily-headed, sultry, moist weather, or perhaps the powerful exhalation of the pungent fragrance of scented spice and cinnamon, coffee, or cane, or nuts; but whatever the cause, they would run riot, and we had reached the sultry tiger-haunted jungles of the tropics before the voice of our comrades recalled us to our unpretentious stool by the counter in the trim little grocery, with its mild promise and suggestion.

"Do you see this tea?" said he, with the air and attitude of a man whose heart is in his work. "This is one of our three good blends, thirty cent, forty, and fifty. The middle one is just beautiful for the pie. You understand we have them put up especially ourselves, with the Army over and crest. One is called the 'Jubilee Blend,' the other 'the Horstela,' and this is 'the Mum Blend.'"

We listened to him now vaguely from far away among feathery palms and glowing rays of the torrid sun, where the sugarcane and pine-apple riot in rank luxuriant growth.

"These we intend to place in the hands of the officers all through the Dominion to all among our soldiers. Through this co-operative system the soldiers get a better tea; the officers make ten per cent. for themselves on each packet, and still a certain profit remains in the Army funds, which otherwise must pass into outside hands. Yes, there is no doubt, this is an excellent tea. It comes from India, not China. I suppose a third of the whole tea trade is shipped from India and Ceylon now. The industry is becoming more and more cultivated in those countries; moreover, the Chinese are so conservative, too, they will hold on to the old methods, which are not the best."

A procession of almond-eyed beauties, with lines of quaint device beneath fragile pagoda and peach-blossom, floated away, until we thirstily asked what there was not demanded for among our people—tea or coffee!

"Oh, tea, beyond all question. Coffee we don't hope to make much gain on. To begin with, our people are too poor as a rule, for we only reckon to supply the

simple, ordinary necessities, and coffee is more of a luxury. By the time the grinding and putting up is done the profit is very small. This is a Java draft (God bless the Javanese and deliver them from volcanoes), but we have a very nice cheap blend of coffee. The same with the cocoa. The purse of our people is not long enough for that either. Most of our cocoa comes from Holland, Amsterdam or Stockholm.

Holland, with dykes and drains, cows and clover, kindness and grace. Oh, Holland, we thank you for your gift to Canada!

So, praise God. Mrs. Booth is in Canada, and here are we back in the grocery.

"It's impossible to tell all we keep. Very few luxuries. All the standard brands of food, necessary provisions chiefly consumed. Here is canned meat, harmonically sealed; this is kippered herring; on the shelf are biscuits, Crosse & Blackwell's jams, etc., but there's such heavy duty on them that it eats all the profits." That meant a sudden change from the deep Dutch meadows to the great warehouses on the yellow Thames, with the citizen steamers plying, and the factory chimneys belching forth their volumes of dense smoke to deepen the fog.

"Do you consider we are succeeding?" "Yes, honestly, we are succeeding—well, especially considering how small our capital has been. We have had an excellent start—few grocers have got on in the time as we have. To begin with, we supply all our own institutions right through from end to end of the city. Men, Women, and Children's Shelters, Rescue Homes, Garisons, Home of Rest, Headquarters of people, officers, and a number of soldiers, who are falling in with the plan nicely. Oh, yes, we are meeting quite a number of outside customers, too; the call-trade isn't bad either. Then outside Toronto, too, we provide supplies. For instance, Brigadier Macgregor, Major Calhoun, and Staff-Capt. Collier club to get their goods from the Toronto stores, and we ship the goods carriage paid, with a certain percentage of to them, and a profit to the Army, instead of to the world. Banquets and picnics among our people furthermore; anywhere we can supply at reduced rates, paying the freightage."

"We are bound to grow—there are the germs of development, and so many things in our favor. To begin with, fetching our dairy produce from the Farm direct we are bound to have them good. Another great point is that we work on strictly rock-bottom cash principles. Moreover, our business is a matter of conscience. It is run for the glory of God and the good of mankind. When we guarantee twenty-one pounds to the dollar you may weigh it up and not be disappointed to find only eighteen. You may be quite sure your sugar is not mixed with sand, but pure and wholesome. By dealing with our Social Dairy you will, firstly, secure pure milk, and secondly, you have the satisfaction of knowing that you help on God's work. You are joining in co-operation in the cause of Christ."

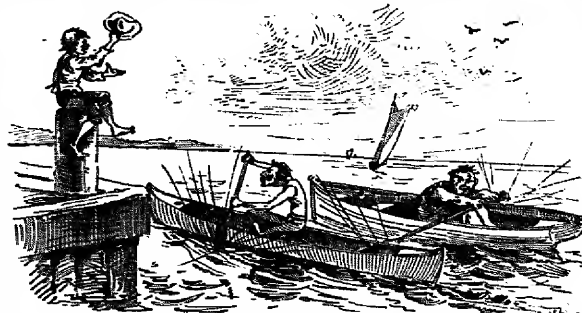
The world does not want armaments alone, not theories, it is calling for a robust religion that will show itself in the practical issues of daily life. By so doing, alone we shall bring down heaven on earth.

Quits a village of tents at the Travel Glen camp grounds. Eight Outriders are to be present at the Camp Meetings.

THE GROCERY DEPARTMENT, CO-OPERATIVE STORE.



THE GROCERY DEPARTMENT, CO-OPERATIVE STORE.



Box—"Hi! You'll be late, sure enough; the General arrives on the 18th."

To the G.B.M. Local Agents in the Eastern Province.

I have been thinking a good deal about you to-day, and feel that I want to say a few things to you that will not do to keep until I see you all, so, therefore, I take this way of speaking a few words of advice.

In the course of my last tour, I found that several agents had been collecting the contents of the boxes in a manner calculated to bring discredit upon the scheme, through ignorance of the proper way. Instead of personally visiting the home of the box-holder, and opening the box in his or her presence, and giving a receipt for the contents—which is the regular way—I found that several of the agents had had the boxes brought by the holders, either to the barracks or to the officers' quarters, to be opened at the agent's convenience, with the result that a large number of the boxes failed to find their way back whence they came, their one-time holders preferring that they should kick around the barracks platform under their feet, than that it should find its way back to its proper place on their dining table. Now, please, local agents, do not on any account remove the boxes from any home for the purpose of opening, as you stand a poor chance of getting it back again. STICK TO THE RULES laid down for guidance, and visit the homes of the box-holders, and by doing so you will more than ever impress upon them that the scheme is worked in a systematic manner.

Then another thing I wish to mention is that it is your duty to give out fresh boxes to people who have not already got them, and report the number given out every month on the forms supplied. I find that several agents are feeling content with doing the work connected with the boxes given out when the scheme was first started in their corps. My advice to the different agents, from the very day I started in this work, has been to take one day or an afternoon a week, put a half-dozen boxes in a hand-bag, and start out and do some visiting or canvassing, and you will be surprised at the result. I have tried it myself, and found that it worked well.

Think of the opportunity you have of doing something for God and the Kingdom. Go at it after much prayer, start out in faith, believe that God is going to help you, not only to give out boxes, but to say something that will help and bless those with whom you come in contact. Remember you have taken this work upon you for God, not merely for the Salvation Army, though that is the medium through which He is using you. Work faithfully, and He will give you your reward, and the "Well done!"

I am believing to see you all soon, and I trust that you, each and all, will have a good report to make.

LIEUTENANT FOSH,
Provincial Agent.

An Archangel's Curse.—"Let us not be desirous of vain glory; provoking one another, envying one another."—GALATIANS v. 26.

Humility is the stepping stone to exaltation. "Six things the Lord hateth; yes, seven are an abomination unto Him," and the first crime mentioned in this catalogue, is a proud look. Pride may be named immediately respect for self, and contempt for others. This sin, without doubt, is one of the most ingenious deceptions of the devil.

A FROUD LOOK

is an abomination to the Lord, the proud He knoweth afar off. As long as individuals are away up upon the pinnacle of haughty dispositions, He will not condescend to approach them. It is the infernal fire that has ruined angels, and reduced them, who were once so

pure and lovely, to be shut up in eternal darkness for ever with the awful name of devils. Look at the most beautiful character of Jesus as an example for humility. Blessed Jesus, give us more than ever the nature. Listen: "Take my yoke upon you and learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly in heart."

It is beyond our comprehension to say into what depths of sin and misery we may plunge should we bid welcome to such an infernal fire.

Let us hear the unchanging Word of God on this matter. "For behold the day cometh that shall burn as an oven, and all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly shall be as stubble, and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of Hosts."

CAPTAIN LEWIS.

St. Stephen, N.B.—SALVATION BOOK IN A BEAUTIFUL CITY.—I heard this conversation:

"Well, how are things in your town?"
Reply: "Oh, everything is booming but business."

Well, thank God, we are not without our beams in salvation business, which is the most important work in the world.

We have to praise God for them at the Cross during eight days, which is not so bad considering everything.

St. Stephen is having at present a few important beams—the electric street railway and the new steel bridge across the beautiful St. Croix River. These things will put the finishing touches on the already beautiful town of St. Stephen. It seems the only thing that will then be wanting will be a proper Salvation Army barracks, without which, of course, no town is complete. God's work is hampered for this. Who will come to our help?

WOODSTOCK, N.B.—We have just had a change of front at Woodstock. Captain Jefferson, after a stay of more than ten months, during which time something like 100 souls have knelt at the penitent form and professed salvation, has received the word "march," and another will lead on the Woodstock banner, while he will fight for God elsewhere. God bless you, Captain Jefferson, may your future be still more eventful in the soul-saving and soldier-making line. You will, of course, be interested in the new barracks, and so will the Woodstock folks, and you will be surprised how soon you will hear of its opening.

GRAND MANAN AND LA TETE.—Grand Manan and La Tete are doing well and we shall hear more from them soon.

Candidates! Candidates! Wanted, at once in the St. Stephen District, 10, ten, 10 blood-and-fire candidates to compete with Peter, and Paul, and Wesley, and General Booth, and a thousand others in non-saving. Who knows what God will make of you if you will only obey and offer yourself for the work.

St. John H.I.—"FORDING THE RIVER OURS BY Ours."—With the many that have been called to give an account of the deeds done in the body, is our comrade, Lizzie Edwards. Six years ago Lizzie took her place at the Cross, and found the Lord to be the sinners' Saviour.

Since that time she has by the grace of God been a true soldier.

A few days before she passed away, she said the fear of death was gone. While many of the friends may have heard filled with sorrow, we believe she is rejoicing with those that have washed their robes in the Saviour's blood. I pray that the sinners that knew her life, and looked at her cold in death, will be led to prepare to meet God.

"She has been a soldier faithful, Always trying to live right; God, indeed, has been her comfort, When at home or in the fight."

"She has trusted in her Saviour, Trusted in His power to save; And she had His smile and favor, When she was so near the grave."

"True, indeed, the call came quickly, She was ready to obey; Now she's reigning with the Saviour, In the realm of endless day."

—GROVER AND ADAMS.

THE Prison Gate Home people, Colombia, have got their first crop of cinnamon off the new land granted them by the government. This ground has a frontage of 200 yards on a main road.

FOCUSSED FACTS.

A hardened backslider reclaimed at Liagar street; soldiers are jubilant.

Moosjaw comrades held successful meetings at the gravel pit; deep conviction.

On Sunday night two souls volunteered for salvation at Victoria.

The late meetings at Corbett's Point set previous records.

An artilleryman has acknowledged the claims of King Jesus at Halifax I.

Bird Island Cove abounds victory over two souls.

Half-night of prayer at Fredericton; seven out for holiness.

Fort William folks love the S. A. Methodist minister's sermons. Two souls saved this week and West Fort Attached.

A. H. F. says Bridgetown is still moving. One soul Sunday.

Says Captain Miller, of Port Arthur:—"An unwarmed lad went selling War Cry and bought all he could not sell. Some think it the only paper containing any news. One soul at knee-drill."

Twillingate raised six dollars and one soul at its Jubilee meetings.

Jackman's Cove converts are proving true.

Exploits has a band of recruits waiting enrolment and a site secured for barracks and quarters.

New Bay, N.B., raised \$16 for the new schooner. Splendid!

Eight hundred in the barracks at Twillingate and fifteen souls.

Old men and children are coming to Jesus at Morton's Harbor.

Keep believing for new barracks at Wild Night.

Bighton's motto is "Onward and Upward." One soul in the open air. Three inside Sunday night. One got melted down at an ice cream social.

Mrs. de Harriet has been "resting" (?) and leading meetings at Barrie. One soul Sunday night.

Wonderful times at Inton's Island. Souls are prayed for and souls are got.

The new boat, *Salvatoris*, is complete.

Seven souls were glad to get rid of their sins at Fortune, Newfoundland.

Orilla considers God the glory in their feet. If you dance, dance for God. Three souls on Sunday night.

Calgary reports a surprise party to welcome their Provincial Officer. A Rescue meeting, a War Cry meeting, and one soul.

An old lady in Harbor Grace sang a hymn on her doorstep as the officers went away. [You might have told us what the "hymn" was like, Sister Brown.]

Extremes met at Moncton, N.B., in the shape of a camp meeting and a circus.

In the Central Ontario Province, Brigadier de Harriet has been successfully fighting the devil on a crutch. He is lame through falling from his buggy.

The Jubilee Troupe at the Falls have had splendid meetings, and three souls on Sunday night.

Fifteen hundred people and \$33 collection at the camp meetings at Corbett's Point.

Brigade II, of Stuyvesant Circle Corps, has a log cabin barracks, but good crowds gather. Fourteen miles walking and four meetings is a good record for a Sunday.

The *Chatham Daily News* publishes an account of the Salvation Army picnic at Algonquin. Fifteen dollars were collected in the open air.

Three souls at Napawa, when F.O's Holmes, Magee and Dodge, of the "Light-house," were there.

In spite of medicine men and merry-go-rounds, and other counter-attractions, our comrades at St. Mary's have been getting the victory. Captain Andrews reports several souls lately.

Our Vancouver correspondent sends a glowing account of Major and Mrs. Read's reception. The meetings enthusiastic. God set His seal on them by liberating captives.

Captain Cockhill, after six months' successful fighting, has fared well from Paris. Quite a few speeches present at his last meeting. Captain Vincent, of the States, paid Paris a flying visit.

Sister Bellan, one of our Little Yock comrades, has been promoted to heaven. Captain Andrews writes of her triumphant death, and impressive funeral service. Our departed sister's dying testimony gave us untold comfort.

Ensign Ayres wrote: "The Mounted Troops this week-end. Good crowds, good offering, and nine at the Cross. Forward, Lindsay."

Captain E. H. Allen fared well from Newcastle, N.S., having labored a good force of recruits, who had far to become real Wood-men and soldiers.

Lippincott officers enrolled five recruits. Ensign and Mrs. Phillips visited this camp Thursday, and interested the friends and soldiers with their descriptions of the C.P.

Hester's comrades were dancing happy last Sunday over one soul captured from the enemy.

A scrubbing has been the order of things at Moncton. Soldiers and outsiders taking part.

MAJOR AND MRS. READ'S NORTH-WEST TRIUMPHS.

CALGARY.—One backslider: Church of England missionary donated \$10 to Rescue Work.

EDMONTON.—Successful open-air manifestation. One soldier captured. Inspected new barracks.

VANCOUVER.—Troupe enthusiastic. Jubilee plans progressing. Unique meetings, good offerings, and souls converted and sanctified.

WAR CRY.

TORONTO, AUG. 25, 1894.

OUR NAVY.

This is a distinct and unqualified success. Everything that was expected and prophesied of the steam yacht "General Booth," has come to pass.

The people of the towns at which she called gave her more coal than could be stored in her bunkers, so that at one place about two tons had to be left behind.

They received our Naval Brigade with open arms and loaded them with provisions. The friends who met the ship's crew at Port Dover came with a big store of supplies. As with the Empress of China, the Empress of Japan, the Miowara, and one of the Ontario lake passenger boats, it was the unexpected that happened. Notwithstanding the presence of Captain Trotter, a pilot of thirty years' experience on our lakes, who had a record without a flaw, in trying to get near the shore of Selkirk, on Lake Erie, where the only place of landing was a small creek, she struck a reef. She was, however, uninjured, and was got off without the aid of the tug which the Commandant had immediately sent to her assistance. It is strange that the rescue-boat herself struck a reef in returning to port, and our boat, in turn, heeled her off into clear water. The Commandant, with commendable caution, ordered our yacht into dry dock to make sure she was in perfectly sea-worthy condition, and it was here, that by a sheer accident, she caught fire. The boys were to commence painting at daylight, and while the oil was heating, by some means it became ignited, the result may be imagined. Being in dry dock, there was no water handy; however, the Naval Brigade worked like "Trojans," and succeeded in beating out the flames. The hull was saved. The engines and boiler are fortunately not seriously damaged, but a good bit of the interior was consumed. It will be some comfort to our readers to know, however, that even now experts inform us we have still left much more value than the first cost of the ship to us, and since it has been demonstrated that the idea of campaigning in this way is a great success, and we can effect the transit of officers at a cost of literally nothing to the funds of the Army. The Commandant will, of course, go on with the repairs.

What have our soldiers and friends to say of this, especially those living on the lake sides? Will it not be a fitting time to send the Commandant a donation to help recover the loss? The blow falls heaviest on him, although every one of his staff share the disappointment keenly. Immediately after the news of the fire reached Headquarters the members of our Board of Expenditure, then sitting, telegraphed a message of sympathy to the Commandant who was conducting a campaign at Brantford. We are sure our comrades everywhere

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."—Ecc. xi. 6.

WAR CRY.

TORONTO, AUG. 25, 1894.

OUR NAVY.

This is a distinct and unqualified success. Everything that was expected and prophesied of the steam yacht "General Booth," has come to pass.

The people of the towns at which she called gave her more coal than could be stored in her bunkers, so that at one place about two tons had to be left behind.

They received our Naval Brigade with open arms and loaded them with provisions. The friends who met the ship's crew at Port Dover came with a big store of supplies. As with the Empress of China, the Empress of Japan, the Miowara, and one of the Ontario lake passenger boats, it was the unexpected that happened. Notwithstanding the presence of Captain Trotter, a pilot of thirty years' experience on our lakes, who had a record without a flaw, in trying to get near the shore of Selkirk, on Lake Erie, where the only place of landing was a small creek, she struck a reef. She was, however, uninjured, and was got off without the aid of the tug which the Commandant had immediately sent to her assistance. It is strange that the rescue-boat herself struck a reef in returning to port, and our boat, in turn, heeled her off into clear water. The Commandant, with commendable caution, ordered our yacht into dry dock to make sure she was in perfectly sea-worthy condition, and it was here, that by a sheer accident, she caught fire. The boys were to commence painting at daylight, and while the oil was heating, by some means it became ignited, the result may be imagined. Being in dry dock, there was no water handy; however, the Naval Brigade worked like "Trojans," and succeeded in beating out the flames. The hull was saved. The engines and boiler are fortunately not seriously damaged, but a good bit of the interior was consumed. It will be some comfort to our readers to know, however, that even now experts inform us we have still left much more value than the first cost of the ship to us, and since it has been demonstrated that the idea of campaigning in this way is a great success, and we can effect the transit of officers at a cost of literally nothing to the funds of the Army. The Commandant will, of course, go on with the repairs.

What have our soldiers and friends to say of this, especially those living on the lake sides? Will it not be a fitting time to send the Commandant a donation to help recover the loss? The blow falls heaviest on him, although every one of his staff share the disappointment keenly. Immediately after the news of the fire reached Headquarters the members of our Board of Expenditure, then sitting, telegraphed a message of sympathy to the Commandant who was conducting a campaign at Brantford. We are sure our comrades everywhere

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."—Ecc. xi. 6.

WAR CRY.

TORONTO, AUG. 25, 1894.

OUR NAVY.

This is a distinct and unqualified success. Everything that was expected and prophesied of the steam yacht "General Booth," has come to pass.

The people of the towns at which she called gave her more coal than could be stored in her bunkers, so that at one place about two tons had to be left behind.

They received our Naval Brigade with open arms and loaded them with provisions. The friends who met the ship's crew at Port Dover came with a big store of supplies. As with the Empress of China, the Empress of Japan, the Miowara, and one of the Ontario lake passenger boats, it was the unexpected that happened. Notwithstanding the presence of Captain Trotter, a pilot of thirty years' experience on our lakes, who had a record without a flaw, in trying to get near the shore of Selkirk, on Lake Erie, where the only place of landing was a small creek, she struck a reef. She was, however, uninjured, and was got off without the aid of the tug which the Commandant had immediately sent to her assistance. It is strange that the rescue-boat herself struck a reef in returning to port, and our boat, in turn, heeled her off into clear water. The Commandant, with commendable caution, ordered our yacht into dry dock to make sure she was in perfectly sea-worthy condition, and it was here, that by a sheer accident, she caught fire. The boys were to commence painting at daylight, and while the oil was heating, by some means it became ignited, the result may be imagined. Being in dry dock, there was no water handy; however, the Naval Brigade worked like "Trojans," and succeeded in beating out the flames. The hull was saved. The engines and boiler are fortunately not seriously damaged, but a good bit of the interior was consumed. It will be some comfort to our readers to know, however, that even now experts inform us we have still left much more value than the first cost of the ship to us, and since it has been demonstrated that the idea of campaigning in this way is a great success, and we can effect the transit of officers at a cost of literally nothing to the funds of the Army. The Commandant will, of course, go on with the repairs.

What have our soldiers and friends to say of this, especially those living on the lake sides? Will it not be a fitting time to send the Commandant a donation to help recover the loss? The blow falls heaviest on him, although every one of his staff share the disappointment keenly. Immediately after the news of the fire reached Headquarters the members of our Board of Expenditure, then sitting, telegraphed a message of sympathy to the Commandant who was conducting a campaign at Brantford. We are sure our comrades everywhere

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."—Ecc. xi. 6.

WAR CRY.

TORONTO, AUG. 25, 1894.

OUR NAVY.

This is a distinct and unqualified success. Everything that was expected and prophesied of the steam yacht "General Booth," has come to pass.

The people of the towns at which she called gave her more coal than could be stored in her bunkers, so that at one place about two tons had to be left behind.

They received our Naval Brigade with open arms and loaded them with provisions. The friends who met the ship's crew at Port Dover came with a big store of supplies. As with the Empress of China, the Empress of Japan, the Miowara, and one of the Ontario lake passenger boats, it was the unexpected that happened. Notwithstanding the presence of Captain Trotter, a pilot of thirty years' experience on our lakes, who had a record without a flaw, in trying to get near the shore of Selkirk, on Lake Erie, where the only place of landing was a small creek, she struck a reef. She was, however, uninjured, and was got off without the aid of the tug which the Commandant had immediately sent to her assistance. It is strange that the rescue-boat herself struck a reef in returning to port, and our boat, in turn, heeled her off into clear water. The Commandant, with commendable caution, ordered our yacht into dry dock to make sure she was in perfectly sea-worthy condition, and it was here, that by a sheer accident, she caught fire. The boys were to commence painting at daylight, and while the oil was heating, by some means it became ignited, the result may be imagined. Being in dry dock, there was no water handy; however, the Naval Brigade worked like "Trojans," and succeeded in beating out the flames. The hull was saved. The engines and boiler are fortunately not seriously damaged, but a good bit of the interior was consumed. It will be some comfort to our readers to know, however, that even now experts inform us we have still left much more value than the first cost of the ship to us, and since it has been demonstrated that the idea of campaigning in this way is a great success, and we can effect the transit of officers at a cost of literally nothing to the funds of the Army. The Commandant will, of course, go on with the repairs.

What have our soldiers and friends to say of this, especially those living on the lake sides? Will it not be a fitting time to send the Commandant a donation to help recover the loss? The blow falls heaviest on him, although every one of his staff share the disappointment keenly. Immediately after the news of the fire reached Headquarters the members of our Board of Expenditure, then sitting, telegraphed a message of sympathy to the Commandant who was conducting a campaign at Brantford. We are sure our comrades everywhere

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."—Ecc. xi. 6.

WAR CRY.

TORONTO, AUG. 25, 1894.

OUR NAVY.

This is a distinct and unqualified success. Everything that was expected and prophesied of the steam yacht "General Booth," has come to pass.

The people of the towns at which she called gave her more coal than could be stored in her bunkers, so that at one place about two tons had to be left behind.

They received our Naval Brigade with open arms and loaded them with provisions. The friends who met the ship's crew at Port Dover came with a big store of supplies. As with the Empress of China, the Empress of Japan, the Miowara, and one of the Ontario lake passenger boats, it was the unexpected that happened. Notwithstanding the presence of Captain Trotter, a pilot of thirty years' experience on our lakes, who had a record without a flaw, in trying to get near the shore of Selkirk, on Lake Erie, where the only place of landing was a small creek, she struck a reef. She was, however, uninjured, and was got off without the aid of the tug which the Commandant had immediately sent to her assistance. It is strange that the rescue-boat herself struck a reef in returning to port, and our boat, in turn, heeled her off into clear water. The Commandant, with commendable caution, ordered our yacht into dry dock to make sure she was in perfectly sea-worthy condition, and it was here, that by a sheer accident, she caught fire. The boys were to commence painting at daylight, and while the oil was heating, by some means it became ignited, the result may be imagined. Being in dry dock, there was no water handy; however, the Naval Brigade worked like "Trojans," and succeeded in beating out the flames. The hull was saved. The engines and boiler are fortunately not seriously damaged, but a good bit of the interior was consumed. It will be some comfort to our readers to know, however, that even now experts inform us we have still left much more value than the first cost of the ship to us, and since it has been demonstrated that the idea of campaigning in this way is a great success, and we can effect the transit of officers at a cost of literally nothing to the funds of the Army. The Commandant will, of course, go on with the repairs.

What have our soldiers and friends to say of this, especially those living on the lake sides? Will it not be a fitting time to send the Commandant a donation to help recover the loss? The blow falls heaviest on him, although every one of his staff share the disappointment keenly. Immediately after the news of the fire reached Headquarters the members of our Board of Expenditure, then sitting, telegraphed a message of sympathy to the Commandant who was conducting a campaign at Brantford. We are sure our comrades everywhere

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."—Ecc. xi. 6.

WAR CRY.

TORONTO, AUG. 25, 1894.

OUR NAVY.

This is a distinct and unqualified success. Everything that was expected and prophesied of the steam yacht "General Booth," has come to pass.

The people of the towns at which she called gave her more coal than could be stored in her bunkers, so that at one place about two tons had to be left behind.

They received our Naval Brigade with open arms and loaded them with provisions. The friends who met the ship's crew at Port Dover came with a big store of supplies. As with the Empress of China, the Empress of Japan, the Miowara, and one of the Ontario lake passenger boats, it was the unexpected that happened. Notwithstanding the presence of Captain Trotter, a pilot of thirty years' experience on our lakes, who had a record without a flaw, in trying to get near the shore of Selkirk, on Lake Erie, where the only place of landing was a small creek, she struck a reef. She was, however, uninjured, and was got off without the aid of the tug which the Commandant had immediately sent to her assistance. It is strange that the rescue-boat herself struck a reef in returning to port, and our boat, in turn, heeled her off into clear water. The Commandant, with commendable caution, ordered our yacht into dry dock to make sure she was in perfectly sea-worthy condition, and it was here, that by a sheer accident, she caught fire. The boys were to commence painting at daylight, and while the oil was heating, by some means it became ignited, the result may be imagined. Being in dry dock, there was no water handy; however, the Naval Brigade worked like "Trojans," and succeeded in beating out the flames. The hull was saved. The engines and boiler are fortunately not seriously damaged, but a good bit of the interior was consumed. It will be some comfort to our readers to know, however, that even now experts inform us we have still left much more value than the first cost of the ship to us, and since it has been demonstrated that the idea of campaigning in this way is a great success, and we can effect the transit of officers at a cost of literally nothing to the funds of the Army. The Commandant will, of course, go on with the repairs.

What have our soldiers and friends to say of this, especially those living on the lake sides? Will it not be a fitting time to send the Commandant a donation to help recover the loss? The blow falls heaviest on him, although every one of his staff share the disappointment keenly. Immediately after the news of the fire reached Headquarters the members of our Board of Expenditure, then sitting, telegraphed a message of sympathy to the Commandant who was conducting a campaign at Brantford. We are sure our comrades everywhere

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."—Ecc. xi. 6.

WAR CRY.

TORONTO, AUG. 25, 1894.

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."—Ecc. xi. 6.



TORONTO, AUG. 25, 1894.

OUR NAVY.

This is a distinct and unqualified success. Everything that was expected and prophesied of the steam yacht "General Booth," has come to pass.

The people of the towns at which she called gave her more coal than could be stored in her bunkers, so that at one place about two tons had to be left behind.

They received our Naval Brigade with open arms and loaded them with provisions. The friends who met the ship's crew at Port Dover came with a big store of supplies. As with the Empress of China, the Empress of Japan, the Miowara, and one of the Ontario lake passenger boats, it was the unexpected that happened. Notwithstanding the presence of Captain Trotter, a pilot of thirty years' experience on our lakes, who had a record without a flaw, in trying to get near the shore of Selkirk, on Lake Erie, where the only place of landing was a small creek, she struck a reef. She was, however, uninjured, and was got off without the aid of the tug which the Commandant had immediately sent to her assistance. It is strange that the rescue-boat herself struck a reef in returning to port, and our boat, in turn, heeled her off into clear water. The Commandant, with commendable caution, ordered our yacht into dry dock to make sure she was in perfectly sea-worthy condition, and it was here, that by a sheer accident, she caught fire. The boys were to commence painting at daylight, and while the oil was heating, by some means it became ignited, the result may be imagined. Being in dry dock, there was no water handy; however, the Naval Brigade worked like "Trojans," and succeeded in beating out the flames. The hull was saved. The engines and boiler are fortunately not seriously damaged, but a good bit of the interior was consumed. It will be some comfort to our readers to know, however, that even now experts inform us we have still left much more value than the first cost of the ship to us, and since it has been demonstrated that the idea of campaigning in this way is a great success, and we can effect the transit of officers at a cost of literally nothing to the funds of the Army. The Commandant will, of course, go on with the repairs.

What have our soldiers and friends to say of this, especially those living on the lake sides? Will it not be a fitting time to send the Commandant a donation to help recover the loss? The blow falls heaviest on him, although every one of his staff share the disappointment keenly. Immediately after the news of the fire reached Headquarters the members of our Board of Expenditure, then sitting, telegraphed a message of sympathy to the Commandant who was conducting a campaign at Brantford. We are sure our comrades everywhere

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."—Ecc. xi. 6.

WAR CRY.

TORONTO, AUG. 25, 1894.

OUR NAVY.

This is a distinct and unqualified success. Everything that was expected and prophesied of the steam yacht "General Booth," has come to pass.

The people of the towns at which she called gave her more coal than could be stored in her bunkers, so that at one place about two tons had to be left behind.

They received our Naval Brigade with open arms and loaded them with provisions. The friends who met the ship's crew at Port Dover came with a big store of supplies. As with the Empress of China, the Empress of Japan, the Miowara, and one of the Ontario lake passenger boats, it was the unexpected that happened. Notwithstanding the presence of Captain Trotter, a pilot of thirty years' experience on our lakes, who had a record without a flaw, in trying to get near the shore of Selkirk, on Lake Erie, where the only place of landing was a small creek, she struck a reef. She was, however, uninjured, and was got off without the aid of the tug which the Commandant had immediately sent to her assistance. It is strange that the rescue-boat herself struck a reef in returning to port, and our boat, in turn, heeled her off into clear water. The Commandant, with commendable caution, ordered our yacht into dry dock to make sure she was in perfectly sea-worthy condition, and it was here, that by a sheer accident, she caught fire. The boys were to commence painting at daylight, and while the oil was heating, by some means it became ignited, the result may be imagined. Being in dry dock, there was no water handy; however, the Naval Brigade worked like "Trojans," and succeeded in beating out the flames. The hull was saved. The engines and boiler are fortunately not seriously damaged, but a good bit of the interior was consumed. It will be some comfort to our readers to know, however, that even now experts inform us we have still left much more value than the first cost of the ship to us, and since it has been demonstrated that the idea of campaigning in this way is a great success, and we can effect the transit of officers at a cost of literally nothing to the funds of the Army. The Commandant will, of course, go on with the repairs.

What have our soldiers and friends to say of this, especially those living on the lake sides? Will it not be a fitting time to send the Commandant a donation to help recover the loss? The blow falls heaviest on him, although every one of his staff share the disappointment keenly. Immediately after the news of the fire reached Headquarters the members of our Board of Expenditure, then sitting, telegraphed a message of sympathy to the Commandant who was conducting a campaign at Brantford. We are sure our comrades everywhere

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."—Ecc. xi. 6.

WAR CRY.

TORONTO, AUG. 25, 1894.

OUR NAVY.

This is a distinct and unqualified success. Everything that was expected and prophesied of the steam yacht "General Booth," has come to pass.

The people of the towns at which she called gave her more coal than could be stored in her bunkers, so that at one place about two tons had to be left behind.

They received our Naval Brigade with open arms and loaded them with provisions. The friends who met the ship's crew at Port Dover came with a big store of supplies. As with the Empress of China, the Empress of Japan, the Miowara, and one of the Ontario lake passenger boats, it was the unexpected that happened. Notwithstanding the presence of Captain Trotter, a pilot of thirty years' experience on our lakes, who had a record without a flaw, in trying to get near the shore of Selkirk, on Lake Erie, where the only place of landing was a small creek, she struck a reef. She was, however, uninjured, and was got off without the aid of the tug which the Commandant had immediately sent to her assistance. It is strange that the rescue-boat herself struck a reef in returning to port, and our boat, in turn, heeled her off into clear water. The Commandant, with commendable caution, ordered our yacht into dry dock to make sure she was in perfectly sea-worthy condition, and it was here, that by a sheer accident, she caught fire. The boys were to commence painting at daylight, and while the oil was heating, by some means it became ignited, the result may be imagined. Being in dry dock, there was no water handy; however, the Naval Brigade worked like "Trojans," and succeeded in beating out the flames. The hull was saved. The engines and boiler are fortunately not seriously damaged, but a good bit of the interior was consumed. It will be some comfort to our readers to know, however, that even now experts inform us we have still left much more value than the first cost of the ship to us, and since it has been demonstrated that the idea of campaigning in this way is a great success, and we can effect the transit of officers at a cost of literally nothing to the funds of the Army. The Commandant will, of course, go on with the repairs.

What have our soldiers and friends to say of this, especially those living on the lake sides? Will it not be a fitting time to send the Commandant a donation to help recover the loss? The blow falls heaviest on him, although every one of his staff share the disappointment keenly. Immediately after the news of the fire reached Headquarters the members of our Board of Expenditure, then sitting, telegraphed a message of sympathy to the Commandant who was conducting a campaign at Brantford. We are sure our comrades everywhere

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."—Ecc. xi. 6.

WAR CRY.

TORONTO, AUG. 25, 1894.

OUR NAVY.

This is a distinct and unqualified success. Everything that was expected and prophesied of the steam yacht "General Booth," has come to pass.

The people of the towns at which she called gave her more coal than could be stored in her bunkers, so that at one place about two tons had to be left behind.

They received our Naval Brigade with open arms and loaded them with provisions. The friends who met the ship's crew at Port Dover came with a big store of supplies. As with the Empress of China, the Empress of Japan, the Miowara, and one of the Ontario lake passenger boats, it was the unexpected that happened. Notwithstanding the presence of Captain Trotter, a pilot of thirty years' experience on our lakes, who had a record without a flaw, in trying to get near the shore of Selkirk, on Lake Erie, where the only place of landing was a small creek, she struck a reef. She was, however, uninjured, and was got off without the aid of the tug which the Commandant had immediately sent to her assistance. It is strange that the rescue-boat herself struck a reef in returning to port, and our boat, in turn, heeled her off into clear water. The Commandant, with commendable caution, ordered our yacht into dry dock to make sure she was in perfectly sea-worthy condition, and it was here, that by a sheer accident, she caught fire. The boys were to commence painting at daylight, and while the oil was heating, by some means it became ignited, the result may be imagined. Being in dry dock, there was no water handy; however, the Naval Brigade worked like "Trojans," and succeeded in beating out the flames. The hull was saved. The engines and boiler are fortunately not seriously damaged, but a good bit of the interior was consumed. It will be some comfort to our readers to know, however, that even now experts inform us we have still left much more value than the first cost of the ship to us, and since it has been demonstrated that the idea of campaigning in this way is a great success, and we can effect the transit of officers at a cost of literally nothing to the funds of the Army. The Commandant will, of course, go on with the repairs.

What have our soldiers and friends to say of this, especially those living on the lake sides? Will it not be a fitting time to send the Commandant a donation to help recover the loss? The blow falls heaviest on him, although every one of his staff share the disappointment keenly. Immediately after the news of the fire reached Headquarters the members of our Board of Expenditure, then sitting, telegraphed a message of sympathy to the Commandant who was conducting a campaign at Brantford. We are sure our comrades everywhere

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."—Ecc. xi. 6.

WAR CRY.

CONTENTS

WE STAND.
HURRAH!
INVEST FESTIVAL RACE-Who Top
IN THE CAUSE OF GREY-Who Top
Army Dairy and Grocery Store is Co
with our Social Fete.
IN THE CAUSE OF GREY (un
B.M. LOCAL AGENTS IN THE KENNED
NCE.
FACTS.
HURRAH!

with us in their sympathy for
who has had so many oppor-
tunities to grapple with
Indian command.

nt H. H. Booth, Toronto, Ont.
R. COMMANDANT.—As I have ju-
rday the sad news as I was com-
ally, they tell me the "bull" is
I shall just suggest this to you
all will do their best to help you
send out a letter to all the friends
the money they can spare of the
a appointed week-end, and that
a special collection is taken up
yacht, I do believe \$2 000 can be
few days. Try it. God bless you
—GEO. L. AUSTIN, Esq.

Booth spent a good part of (Thursday) visiting some of ill-fame in the city. He kindly received. The "keeper" of the prominent houses was thanked Mrs. Booth for contribution by saying, "I am glad to see good enough to a"

ust in thy sickle and
or the time is come for
reap; for the harvest
earth is ripe."—Rev.

[illegible]

44

"He that sat on the cloud thrust in his sickle on the earth; and the earth was reaped."

Richard D. Smith

"And He shall come unto us as the rain, as the latter and the former rain unto the earth."

After securing a pair of horses and a good driver for Wazhwaht, accompanied by the Light Horse company of three British and five Indian soldiers, we left the fort and camp with us, but could not get away. We arrived at Wazhwaht in good time and found Captain Beckstead in grand spirits ready for the next appointment; he has done a good work at Wazhwaht. We then rode over to the meeting at night. Sister Faith and Sister Michaela's sister with antiphony accompaniment took well. Next day we drove to McVern, an Indian settlement, where the missionaries, my friend of the Salvation Army, and I went to look for a place to build a new house. I went to look for a place to build a new house at home; everybody at the little camp has got up, which was served in the open air, in proper Indian

and band concert. Brigadier Soett and Peterboro' brass band to the front. A good number sat down to partake of the good

A special wreck, involving the loss of eleven lives, has occurred on the Chicago Pacific Railway. All indications point to the train wreckers as the cause. The theory is that the rails had been tampered with. The engine was just crossing the trestle over Salt Lake creek when it left the track, and with a crash fell forty feet into the creek below. The engine burst, and the coaches immediately took fire. Heroic efforts were made to rescue the unfortunate passengers, but not before several had perished. The bodies of the victims were found in various places along the creek. When a man without one arm was seen even devilled.

TREACHERY.



Johnny found out that the General is coming, and thought he would wake up his grandpa to tell him the good news.

Self-Crucifixion.

"Come ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently trust,
Hear, bring your wounded heart, here tell your anguish,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal."

I feel to-night like begging you to take this small message to any whose hearts seem crushed, for I feel in speaking through you I am speaking to many whose hearts bleed, many who feel like saying, "Lord, this blow is too heavy," so just here I wish to ask you, dear burdened one, if it is a loving Father, God, Who allows this blow, can you truthfully say, "It is too heavy," when His loving, Almighty arms are open, His great, loving heart yearning to bear all the burden for you?

Did you not hear His voice saying, "Cast thy burden, my child, on Me; take instead My yoke: My yoke is easy, My burden is light?"

Or did you turn away, not knowing where to look when that dreadful blow seemed to shut even God from your sight? Yet He Who has borne your sin wants to bear your sorrow, too.

Again, I may be speaking to some who are undergoing a fierce conflict in their soul. I, too, have passed through that, comrades; I, too, know what it is to take the last sin of self, and tearing it from my soul, say, "Not my will, but Thine through me." Yet only the Son of God who sees your heart as He sees mine, can understand and supply certain strength, give you certain victory.

Do you think for a moment I regret any sacrifice I have made for His dear sake? I could gladly again undergo the agony of that self-crucifixion, such sweet peace, such real lasting joy does it bring to my soul.

Again, if you have fallen into great temptation, or if you have heard the call to cast out the right eye, to cut off the right hand that offendeth, I beseech you, though it be dearer than life, though your very life seem to depend on it, claim the power of Divine love by casting it from you. He waits to pour into your soul love for fallen humanity that will crowd out every selfish thought.

Comrade, He Who giveth more grace will do for you exceeding abundantly above what you can ask or think.

LESLIE J. BRYANTON.



The general—a sudden exit.

PICKED BREVETIES.

PICKER.

Stinging is cheaper than doctoring.

A man is what he thinks; like water, he finds his level.

The blessing that is not used proves a curse.

Nothing will do more to improve the looks than sunshine in the heart.

It is honor for a man to cease from strife, but every fool will be maddening.—PROV. XX. 3.

The right kind of a man always learns something worth knowing from a mistake.

A workman that needs no overseer is two workmen.

There is a cry made about the finding of bacteria in cigars. Salvationists, you need not fear.

A comrade testifies: "I am glad to belong to a people who are always on duty."

If we are at peace with God and our own conscience, what enemy among men need we fear?

In telegraphy, Australia has 45,000 miles of wires against Canada's 31,000, and the people send three times more messages than in the Dominion.

Not for theology, but for humanity Jesus died.

It is not your opinions God wants, but you.

"I would rather win one soul for Jesus Christ than have a monument of pure gold which would reach from earth to heaven."—D. L. MOORE.

For the first time after all these centuries, the Dead Sea is to be navigated. Two sailing vessels belonging to the Sultan are to be placed upon these famous waters. Now for the Salvation navy.

An American Salvation Army officer, previous to being saved, wandered through a graveyard in a drunken state, stumbled into an open grave and stayed there until after he had slept off his drunken stupor.

"There will be a meeting in this church to-morrow evening, brethren," said the Nehemiah pastor, "for the purpose of praying for rain. At the same time and place we shall take up a collection to defray the expenses of bringing to this neighborhood the missionaries who have been so remarkably successfully in other portions of the state. It is hoped there will be a very large attendance. We will now close by singing the doxology."—Chicago Tribune.

YARMOUTH, N.S.

THE FIRE IS SPREADING.—Since my last report we have had great victories. A number of souls have been saved. The soldiers are all on fire, they are taking a great hold of the War Cry. The tide is rising.—Captain CURRY.

VANCOUVER.

READY FOR ANYTHING. THE DEVIL'S CONSPIRACY. TWO SINKERS FREED.—Sunday, the 26th, was a blessed time, when two sickening sinners found a seeking Saviour, to the joy of their souls. Monday, the 27th, the devil brought one of his combinations to town, called a circus, and many of his followers were there; but the barracks were not empty, and the Lieutenant was equal to the occasion, and left the platform, and led a charge right in amongst the congregation, and captured two prisoners, whom the Lord set free, and sent them on their way rejoicing.—E. H.

PEACE WITH HONOR.



An explanation as to why he did it was brought forgiveness.

HALIFAX.

THREE IN THE FOOTLOCK.—The Lord is our life and strength, and by His power we are working for the salvation of souls. On Sunday night a brother volunteered out for salvation. Blessed times on Sunday; three souls came to the mercy-seat in the night meeting. Hallelujah.—Sergeant Major CHAMBERLAIN.

KEMPSTONVILLE.

A SICK CAPTAIN; BUT A BRAVE LIEUTENANT.—On account of the warm weather our crowds are small, but still we keep believing. Our Captain is sick and not able to be to the front with us; but we hope and trust the



WATFORD BRASS BAND.

Bandmaster Apted. Lieutenant Pettit. Bandmen V. Collier. Captain Dean. Bandmen Wray. Bandmen E. Collier. Mrs. Collier.

FIRST CORNET.—Thank God, I am nicely saved and in to do the will of God. Saved and kept by the grace of God.
SECOND CORNET.—Living for God's glory, in to do His will.

SECOND TENOR.—Trusting in God I shall gain all things.
TROMBONE.—My face is Zion-ward. I am using my talents for God.
BASS.—Saved from sin—from the world, flesh and devil.

CLARK'S HARBOR.

You cannot lift a stammer on the rock while standing on the sand yourself.

"The covetous man plagues in plenty, like Tantalus, up to the chin in water, and yet thirsty."—REV. T. ADAMS.

"Sin which separates from God, which disobeys God, which cannot in that state correspond with God—this is hell."—PROF. DEWINTER.

At one of the ragged schools in Ireland a clergyman asked the question, "What is holiness?" A poor Irish convert jumped up and said, "Please, your reverence, it's to be clean inside."—Sci.

When the mind thinks nothing, when the soul covets nothing, and the body doeth nothing that is contrary to the perfect will of God, this is perfect sanctification.

A man should never be ashamed to own that he has been in the wrong, which is but saying in other words, that he is wiser today than he was yesterday.—Pope.

There is no such thing as yielding up the soul without yielding up the will, for the will is the chief power of the soul. Christ Himself cannot smother a moral agent who persistently holds to his corruption.

MILLFORD.

THE OLD REMAINDER.—Oh, the memories of by-gone days. The old town hall at Millford, your humble servant, Mrs. Landers, Captain Kendall and the Picton band, gave the Millford folks a musical treat on a certain Friday night in July, when a large number of folk—male and female, old and young—old gather, among whom were recognized the reliable Uncle Lew Head, and Brother Van Black. Where were you, Brother Robert Scott?—PICKER.

will soon be well. Lieutenant Pipe, whom the Lord has sent to roll on the chariot here, is holding on heavily, doing her best to bring souls to God. Look out for news in future.—NELLIE CARTER for Captain BROADBENT.

PORT WILLIAM.

WAR DECLARED.—We are still pressing forward in the war for the destruction of the devil, and mean to press on until he, i.e., the devil and his allies, are totally routed from this town. In the Sunday evening meeting the Spirit of God brought conviction to several but none would surrender. May the Spirit of God strive with them until they accept of the mercy of a kind and loving Saviour.—WALKER.

PICTON.

WHEN TWO WERE MADE ONE.—It seems like home to get back to an old acquaintance, especially a successful one, also to the wife where you were married. Thursday, a good meeting; Saturday night, an old time, with four at the penitential form. Sunday, a day, immense crowds of old and new friends. The income was increased for the week about \$18 above the ordinary. Besides this the side friends and soldiers gave us some very expensive from Hamilton to Picton and return. Good again.—P. P. P.



We cannot refrain from prediction of the our Russian comrades in the East. To quote the words: "Different articles say from the East and with the result of the audience that we followed the road. We should like to have quietly done, both at our gatherings; it would increase of our War Cry."

"I cannot!"
"You must!"
"But is there no way?"
"Positively none."
"Then must our high Provincial Officer meet of thrilling news, three or four lines, and copy after a similar copy must give way."
"It must be so. Next Harvest number, and all worked in the present from far away B. C. and 'Then, since necessity must give way.'"
"Such were some of the as he contemplated the the last day before goes his regrets to P. others whose contribution the awful operation know."

"A lad from Bonaventure in your own vernacular, I found I cannot say who muckle afeard o' speak things about the General is so 'the universal' in Bonaventure, friend P. T. I love to your said mither to fire that diana honor their collars, we means the dealer's are the same we myself, but there is a lad who does. I think in obeying conscience."

CURRENT

Civil war rages in Port. The town of Yewton destroyed by fire.

Fifty-one deaths were in New York last week.

Of the thirty anarchists but there have been acquiescence.

You are going away, for an express to take a steamer.

The fire loss of the Canada during July aggregated \$16,307,000.

1894.—The yearly report to VICTORY—now ready per copy.

An extensive coal mine in Poland, is on fire, and are extinguished. There is no news.

You missed the train. We are minutes slow. It is a minute for \$9.

A negro has been four miles north of this was a sad saying. "I think; No. 1. Five m.

On August 6th, Arnold visited a sister of Italy grounds of the General.

On Tain estate has been of the 1,200 Irishmen the famine. For the has been an unmarked grave.

You are interested in but where do you buy? Do you know that the Special Wood Yard and are you with both coal and satisfaction? Run your order.

FISH COLLECTION.

Many Souls and Happy Hearts.

TRINITY BAY DISTRICT.

After being in St. John having a little concert together and seeing the Naval Brigade considered we leave on Saturday morning by train for Dildo via Broad Cove. We had a nice time, and just before we came to our destination a gentleman came down to the end of the car, where Mrs. Freeman and myself were and made enquiries as to where we were going, and apparently he appreciated our work, as he gave me a \$2 bill.

When we got to the station we met three or four soldiers who had come to take our baggage out to Dildo. Mrs. Freeman and myself intended walking, but some kind friend took Mrs. Freeman and myself to the hotel. We can say, "The Lord will provide."

The Captain and Lieutenant were under

Farewell Orders

and the people did not like it, and they pitched into me for taking them away. Captain Broadbent and Lieut. Long have done a good work at Dildo and New Harbor. We spent three days at this place and we feel like saying if you want a good time and to see a lot of blood and fire soldiers you had better come this way.

"We'll have no fish this summer." So said some people, because the Army was there. But they were no prophets, for this summer's fishing had been the best for years. Go on, comrades, and you'll get the fish all right, sure, too, if you live right and keep to first principles.

Our Sunday morning holiness meeting was a blessed one, when some ten came forward, some for pardon and others for cleansing, so we finished up with a halcyon dance. In the afternoon we had an open-air meeting and also a meeting inside. In the lodge at New Harbor a good time was spent, but night was the evening time, the building was packed. We had our meeting at the close of the return service, which was led by the Rev. Mr. Hobart. The Spirit of God was felt right through the meeting, and as we were singing a chorus in the testimony meeting one young lad left his seat and came and threw himself down at the mercy-seat and cried to God to have mercy upon him, and he was not disappointed, for in a short time he could arise and tell to all that God had pardoned his sins. We continued the meeting, and at the close we could rejoice over seven souls turning unto God. One dear woman, who for a long time had been trying to get to heaven in her own way, said that now she was going there in God's way.

We closed the day's meetings praising God for the victory He had given us.

Now, to get to Heart's Content we have to drive a distance of twenty-five miles, and it will cost some money to get there, and the general rule is, "We'll go money," and the very best thing to do is to make a collection of fish and then sell it and get cash for it. This was proposed, and the soldiers took hold of it. Two soldiers went around in Dildo, and two in New Harbor, and what they both collected we sold for God. God bless the kind friends who helped us so liberally.

Monday night we had a public concert, and five more were sworn in as soldiers to fight for God in the Army. Captain Mercer, who is to take Captain Broadbent's place, was at this meeting, and we believe she is the proper one for Dildo.

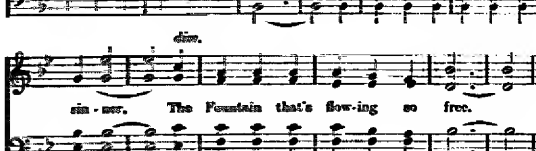
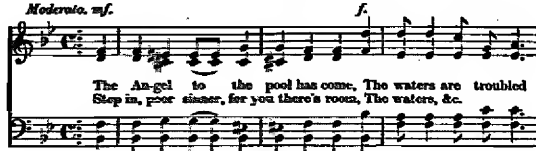
Secretary Otterhead, from Heart's Content, came up with a horse and carriage to take us down, so on Tuesday morning we left. We passed through Green Harbor, and had some refreshments at Miss Snow's, and then at Shell Harbor we met a happy Joe Juretti, who believes in praising God. We had God bless the kind friends who helped us so liberally.

Monday night we had a public concert, and five more were sworn in as soldiers to fight for God in the Army. Captain Mercer, who is to take Captain Broadbent's place, was at this meeting, and we believe she is the proper one for Dildo.

Secretary Otterhead, from Heart's Content, came up with a horse and carriage to take us down, so on Tuesday morning we left. We passed through Green Harbor, and had some refreshments at Miss Snow's, and then at Shell Harbor we met a happy Joe Juretti, who believes in praising God. We had God bless the kind friends who helped us so liberally.

The Waters are Troubled.

Words and music by MAJOR F. W. FAY.



Though you for years have lived in sin,
The waters are troubled now;
There's pardon for you if you'll plunge in,
The waters are troubled now.

Though you have sinned Him to His face,
The waters are troubled now;
Still Jesus offers you His grace,
The waters are troubled now.

Though from the Narrow Way you've gone,
The waters are troubled now;
In love He calls the wanderer home,
The waters are troubled now.

Hellish I. — "WHAT AT HEART, COKE HOME." On Monday night, a brother who had wandered from the fold, returned, and the blessed Lord took him in. The hot weather kept the crowd away from the hall considerably, but we have large crowds in the open-air, and showed them to our souls. They put us in the collection and buy a good many War Cry from us, and on Sunday night one soul sought mercy. — Sergeant Major Ganser.

Provideth her meat in the summer and gathereth her food in the harvest. — Proverbs vi, 21.

Frederick, N.B. — THE RED-HOT LOT. — Souls are getting warm and Christmas manifested. Three souls have sought and found salvation this week. Our Sunday morning holiness meeting was one of power. Two souls found holiness and we are waiting for many more. We are going in for red-hot, genuine devil-defeating, God-glorying, soul-saving times. — EDWIN WHITE, for Capt. BRENN.

While the earth remaineth seed-time, and harvest, and cold, and heat, and summer, and winter, and day, and night shall not cease. — Genesis viii, 22.

Summerside, P. E. I. — EDWIN HARTNEY TOUCHES HEARTS AND FOLLOWS. — We are seeing forward slowly but surely, believing that the tide of interest will soon rise. A beautiful time on Tuesday night. Edna Hartney with Halifax band, also Edna Hagen and other special helped to make the meeting very interesting. Edna Hartney spoke on the Bema Way, opening people's hearts and pockets. A sin was realized for that branch of the work. — CAPT. PARKER.

And gladness to take away and joy out of the plentiful field, and in the vineyards there shall be no singing, neither shall there be shouting; the treaders shall tread out no wine in their presses; I have made their vineyard shouting to cease. — Isaiah xvi, 10.

St. John Training Garrison. — I have in Training Garrison two days, and one prize Jesus for the blessed souls and precious. I have come determined to wait for God and precious souls, and already feel that victory is mine through Jesus. God has planted in my soul a great burning love to win precious

LOST FRIENDS' COLUMN.

To the Distressed.

The Salvation Army invites parents, relations and friends, in any part of the world, interested in any woman or girl who is known or thought to be living in immorality, or is in danger of coming under the control of immoral persons, to write, stating full particulars, with names, dates and addresses of persons so found, if possible, a photograph of the person in whom the interest is taken.

We shall charge no cents for two advertisements (one cent for each) of not more than five lines each. Our column will be charged for anything above this and not exceeding ten lines. This is necessary to pay expenses of time and printing.

Those proposed to receive inquiries from any person. The fullest possible particulars should always be given in correspondence relating to these inquiries so as to avoid delay and expense. The result of the advertisement should in every case be quoted.

All letters will be regarded as strictly confidential, and must be addressed to HANNAH H. BROWN, Commandant, 101 St. Patrick Street, Toronto, with the word "Enquiry" on the corner of the envelope.

Note. — Don't forget that the sum of fifty cents must be sent with each case before it can be dealt with. This will save much trouble.

Persons making enquiries for lost friends through our Enquiry Department will kindly remember to keep up payment to the extent of changing their address. This is most important.

1457 Glover, Charlie. Left his home on June 24th and went west. Wore black hat, grey pants, black stockings, black boots, brown coat, age 18 years. Information leading to his whereabouts will be rewarded by William Glover, Campbellton, N.B.

1458 Moore, John. Last heard of about three years ago. Was then working in a Toronto factory. His brother George is a sailor. Address 102 Bond Street.

1459 Murray, James. Native of Edinburgh, Scotland. Age 25. Left Glasgow in 1887 for Winnipeg, Man., employed in Bransford Hotel. Went to work on Hudson Bay Railroad in 1897. Not heard from since. Any information thereabout received by his brother, W. D. Murray, c/o D. O'Donnell, Chatham, Ont.

1460 Lambert, Patrick A. Left his home in 1887. Last heard from in Chicago, Ill. 44, shortly built, blue eyes. His wife wishes him to return to London, Ont. Address Mrs. Ando Lambert, London.

1461 Leadbeater, Alfred. Age 25, tall, complexion, tall, mustache and whiskers. Supposed to have gone to Canada with a man named Jim Adams, under 1884. When in England worked at Hatfield, cabinet makers, Old St. London. Friends are anxious.

1462 Fennell, Isaac James. Left home at Sydney in 1891 and went to Australia. Supposed now to be in Montreal. When in England worked at the Tin Plate Works. Age 26, fair, thin, rather tall. Any person having any information please address 201 Victoria St., Toronto.

1463 Wright, Thomas Henry. Age 25, brown hair, grey eyes, bright 5 feet 2 inches. Owns hot-house at 60 Palace St., Toronto. Last known address: Chaghamanga in Prairie, Man. His sister enquires.

1464 Baxter, John Thomas. Married and left London, England, nearly five years ago. Was in charge of horse paddock at Black Not, Charlton Towers, Kent. Quoted, Australia, four years ago. Any person having any information please address 201 Victoria St., Toronto.

1465 Bowers, Al. Left his home in Port Perry, last heard from two years ago. Supposed to have been in Michigan recently. Was in Seattle. Was working for Mr. Beck. Has lost one eye. His friends in Toronto are very anxious to hear from him. Any person having any information please address 210 Wilson Avenue or 201 Victoria St., Toronto.

Morden, Man. — A BARKLEY-STUMP BOLL! OR! IN A VISION THE LORD TOLD HIM TO JOIN THE ARMY. — A Christian friend of mine made the remark that when he had barley and rye, he could fairly "roll himself" in it, so he liked it so well. Well, if such a remark is not allowable to civilized minds, it might be permitted in a spiritual sense to our "rolling in joy" at our camp meeting at Fasham. We had just returned a short while before when the winter lay, and among our minds. The next thing to do was to see these farmers. Mr. Johnson, a friend of ours, promised us all the hay we needed. We offered our services on the meadow, so we made hay and praised God as well. I drove around one afternoon some four or five miles surrounding a night's meeting at one camp. Followed on a trail, it was raining lightly, came on another well-beaten road, followed to the south, met with a house, told the woman in the garden I was coming in out of the rain. When just about to leave, says she:

"You better see Mr. Johnson, he is at the hay, he is interested in the Army."

So I waited. He was an old man of fifty-seven winters. He had been praying to the Lord for guidance as to where he should go that day. In a vision the Lord spoke to him to join the Army. He walked all the way to Brandon. After all did not meet him. God wanted him for Morden. He walked back again. He fully believed God sent me. After learning from the new friends that I had in my mind set the north pole where the south is at present, I followed back on my trail, and the old gentleman as well. He has spoken his desire to become a soldier, and follow on the track, after the devil. We were busy as well at our barracks, painting it inside and out. Glory to God.

We had two souls Sunday morning, and worked in the afternoon. We give God all the glory.

For so the Lord said unto me, I will take my rest and I will consider in my dwelling place like a cedar upon herbage, and like a cypress of Lebanon in the heart of Lebanon. — Psalm xiii, 3.

The GENERAL commences his Jubilee Campaigns, on this side the Globe, at St. Johns, Newfoundland

NOTE THE DATE:

SEPT. 18th or 19th.

SEPT. 18th or 19th.

- THE - GENERAL

At ST. JOHNS, NEWFOUNDLAND.

The Great Harvest Festival Effort,

CANADA:

SEPTEMBER 1st, 2nd, and 3rd.

NEWFOUNDLAND:

SEPT. 29th, 30th, and OCT. 1st.

"OH COME, LET US SING UNTO THE LORD."

"Let us heartily rejoice in the God of our salvation."

TURN—We're marching on to war. (B. B. 54; S. M. II. 10.)

1 We are the Calgary bandboys,
Our sins are washed away,
We're trying to save others,
That's why we march and play:
To God and to the Army
We ever will be true,
While o'er us waves the banner
Of the yellow, red and blue.

CHORUS.

We're marching on to war, etc.

We play Salvation music,
As we march along the street,
Our motto is, "Free forward,"
And we never play, "Retreat;"
The devil cannot turn us
While we keep the Cross in view,
And bravely fight beneath our flag—
The yellow, red, and blue.

We dearly love our General,
And our prayer is, night and day,
That he may long be spared to us;
And when he comes this way
He'll receive a hearty welcome
From hearts both loyal and true
To God and all our leaders,
And the yellow, red, and blue.

God bless the dear Commandant,
God bless his loving wife!
To have such noble leaders
Is the Army's strength and life;
God bless the dear old Wan Oar,
It has its work to do—
Bring stanzas to the General
"March the yellow, red, and blue."
BANDSMAN ROSE, DOWNEY, Calgary.

Marching to Win.

TURN—Come, join our Army. (B. B. 14; S. M. I., 475.)

2 The Salvation Army with banner unfurled,
Is marching to conquer, to conquer the world;
Proclaiming the news of salvation from sin,
The Salvation Army is marching to win.

CHORUS.

Marching to win, marching to win,
The Salvation Army is marching to win;
With Christ as our Leader, and trusting in Him,
The Salvation Army is marching to win.

The devil would tell us our labor is in vain,
To march thro' the street in the storm and rain,
But soldiers of Jesus, we'll never give in,
For marching to Him we are marching to win.

Since we've been converted, we love to pre-claim,
For all there is mercy in Jesus' name;
There's grace for the vilest, and freedom from sin,
And following Jesus, we're certain to win.
T. WHEATCROFT, Vancouver, B.C.

TURN—Four Thy Spirit. (B. J. 15; S. M. I. 150.)

3 Trust in Jesus, blessed Saviour,
Who has bled and died for thee;
Think how much He must have suffered
On that dread Mount Calvary.

CHORUS.

Come to Him with all thy sorrow,
Leave with Him thy every care;
He will bear thy every burden,
He will listen to thy prayer.

Come to Jesus, trust His promise,
Though His laws you've oft transgressed,
He'll forgive and love you freely,
He will give you peace and rest.

Live for Jesus, fight for Jesus,
There's a work for you to do,
In the vineyard of your Master,
Who has done so much for you.

BROTHER HUGH WILSON, Portage la Prairie.

TURN—Hold the fort.

4 Oh, my comrades, see the nations
Still in open sin;
Up and to the rescue, soldiers,
Help some souls to win.

CHORUS.

Go and rescue men and women,
From eternal woe;
Others left their homes to save us,
Go, my comrades, go.

Souls for whom my Saviour suffered,
Will not come to God;
They are waiting for your coming,
Lead them to the blood.

R. H. T., Norland.

TURN—Oh, you must be a lover of the Lord. (B. B. 24; S. J. 74; S. M. I. 108.)

5 Come, ye soldiers of the Lord,
And help to save the lost;
"Go, ye," 'tis from His blessed Word,
Obey Him at all cost.

CHORUS.

Oh, you must be a worker for the Lord
Or you can't reign in heaven by and-by.

"Go, ye," does He not mean for you
To offer for His work?
Then be resolved His will to do
And not the Cross to shirk.

H. F. LEADLEY, Dartmouth.

TURN—Calcutta. (B. J. 29; S. M. I. 320), or, *Bread of Heaven*. (B. J. 207.)

6 Lord, we gather with one purpose
That we may Thy falcons know,
That through all the inner chambers
Of our hearts Thy blood might flow.
Cleansing river, cleansing river,
Make and keep us white as snow.

Often, Lord, has human weakness
Ran the pow'r that Satan used
To prevent us being holy,
And with love and zeal outthrust.
Holy fire, holy fire,
May our tongues by Thee be loosed.

Melt us, Lord, and mould us over,
More like Jesus we would be;
We will leave the heated furnace
If it draws us close to Thee.
Come and melt us, come and melt us,
From all self now make us free.

WM. RITCHIE.

TURN—Jesus loves me.

7 Jesus keeps me every day,
Safe from sin and Satan's way;
Keeps me in the heavenly road,
Carries all my heavy load.

CHORUS.

Yes, Jesus keeps me;
Yes, Jesus keeps me;
Yes, Jesus keeps me,
And carries all my load.

When my work on earth is done,
When my victory here is won,
I'll go home to heaven so fair,
There my robe and crown to wear.

SERGEANT SECOND, Cornwall.

TURN—Fearing of the green.

8 I am a sinner saved by grace, from Satan's
ranks I came,
For many years I lived in sin, which caused
me grief and pain;
But I was told of Jesus' love, Who on the
Cross did die,
And left His heavenly home above for sinners
such as I.

(Repeat last two lines for chorus.)

Just now for me His blood atones, and frees
me from all sin,
My trust I put in Him alone, He reigns and
dwells within;
The joy and peace He gives to me He will on
you bestow;
If you will only let Him in you shall His
mercy know.

HAPPY BUL.

TURN—I will follow Thee, my Saviour. (B. J., 1; S. M. II., 67.)

9 On the rock of God's salvation,
Set secure by love Divine;
Till shall fall that sure foundation,
Naught shall move this soul of mine.
Storms and tempests may alarm me,
Waves may rage, and winds may roar;
But 'tis not in them to harm me,
Fright they may, but can no more.

CHORUS.

I will follow Thee, my Saviour.

Smitten Rock, when men of slaughter
Smote Thy body with a spear;
Forth from thence flowed blood and water,
Cleansing me from guilt and fear.
Oh, that my heart may soften,
And my drooping soul revive;
By partaking free, and often
Of the stream by which I live.

Precious Stone, the Christian's treasure,
All my riches are in Thee;
Wealthly wealth in fullest measure,
Cannot buy felicity.
But Thy blood has purchased heaven,
With an entrance to its joy;
Where I, freed from earthly heavens,
Endless ages shall employ.

CAPTAIN WM. WHITE.

"He that sleepeth in har-
vest is a son that causeth
shame."—Prov. x. 5.

THE FOUR P's.

TURN—Christ receiveth sinful men.

Pardon Jesus gave to me,
Pardon for the past of sin;
Pardon, present, full, and free,
When in faith I came to Him.

CHORUS.

Ah! His grace amazes me,
Grace which gives me all I claim;
Pardon, peace, and purity
Now are mine thro' Jesus' name.

Peace He gave, so rich, so deep,
Peace the worldling never knows;
Peace which while His laws I keep
Like a river freely flows.

Purity from self and sin,
Pure of all that was unclean;
Pure in heart "as He is pure,"
Made He me thro' crimson stream.

Power He gives me day by day,
Power to do His blessed will,
Power His foes to fight and slay,
Power to slay the hosts of hell.

BENJAMIN M. MONTGOMERY.